The Weekly Herald,
PUBLISHED BY
W. S. TIPTON,
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

TERMS:

One copy one year.....$2 00
One copy six months..... 1 00
One copy three months..... 50
Single Copies..... 05

Experience has taught us not to print a newspaper on credit.

Weekly Herald.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS; RESPONSIBLE FOR NOTHING.

VOL. V. CLEVELAND, TENN., JULY 15, 1880. NO. 27.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Regular rates of advertising, $1 per square first insertion, and 50 cents each subsequent insertion.

Special contracts will be made for all advertisements for four insertions or over.

Transient advertisements always payable quarterly in advance.

Marriages and obituary notices, over one square, charged for at half regular rates.

All local news 10 cents a line for each insertion.

No notices inserted for less than fifty cents.

The Higher Courage.

You tell me that life is not what I dream,
That man is selfish, and woman vain;
That the strong are made strong through suffering,
And the wise are wise but in bearing pain;
That our souls are filled with earthly dust,
The glory fades from our skies away,
And the human heart, like the mountain pine,
Sings a song of grief on the brightest day.

Yet must we live for petty aims,
And say perfection exists nowhere?
I see but house-plants—well, what then?
The fields are green, and the hills are fair.
Better good dreams than evil facts,
A noble faith than ignoble deeds.
My path may not run through fruits and flowers;
Must I therefore fill my hands with weeds?

I know, I know they must die away,
The altar-lights of the misty dawn;
We worship no more at the shrines of youth,
Their idols are broken, their splendor gone.
Yet, hoping on as best we may,
Whatever makes or whatever mars,
It can be no crime, if our feet grow tired,
Though the dust be nearest, to look at the stars.

Nay! find no fault with the world as it is,
Though the end of all you may not see.
Facts are God's thoughts, my friend; and God-
What is God but reality?
We must labor on till the long day's close;
We shall know life's meaning then. Oh, well,
We may find it true in the end—who knows?
The old tale of the angel and Israel.

—*Augustus M. Lord.*

RULED BY THE VIGILANTES.

The recent twenty-fourth anniversary of the murder of James King, editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, led C. L. Divine, foreman in the office of the Indianapolis *Journal*, to tell a reporter the following stirring incidents of California's early days:

I was in San Francisco in 1856, and affairs had grown from bad to worse, until there was no protection whatever to either life or property. Outlaws from all part of the world had flocked there, chiefly from the large cities of the Atlantic States, and desperadoes from Australia. Murder was almost of every-day occurrence. I was setting type on the San Francisco *Globe;* myself and other printers, when our work was done at night or in the early morning, always arranged to go home in squads of four or five for self-protection, carrying our revolvers in our hands. You can have no idea of the lawlessness that prevailed there, nor of the desperate roughs who required the heroic treatment of a vigilance committee. But the work done by that committee was one of purification, and for nearly twenty years after the moral atmosphere that pervaded San Francisco was delightful. What I think started the vigilance committee of that year was the murder of General Richardson, United States marshal, by gambler named Cora. Bella Cora, the wife of this man, was notorious, beautiful and wealthy. One night at the theater General Richardson, through his opera-glass, gazed on this woman. As I said, she was a woman of remarkable beauty, and he looked long and searchingly at her. She, it seems, became angry, and, considering herself insulted, took offense. She told Cora that she never would be satisfied until he had killed General Richardson, and he promised her to do the deed.

A night or two after this Cora met the general in the Blue Wing, a grand drinking saloon of that day, and charged the latter with the offense. The general explained that he had not intentionally insulted the lady, and made ample apologies. The two men then took a drink together—the California way of settling small difficulties—and stepped out of the saloon to the pavement. A moment after a pistol shot was heard. Cora had treacherously killed Richardson, and the woman was avenged. He was arrested and taken to jail, as he expected to be—a mere formality, as a murder amounted to nothing except a mere matter of money to bribe justice, for the judges were notoriously corrupt. The sheriff was Dave Scannell, a rough, and a particular friend of Cora. The citizens murmured, but it was only another man killed. There was nothing to be done. There would be, as there had been before, a trial by jury, the peers would disagree, and soon after, the excitement having subsided, at the the next trial the jury would acquit.

James King, called James King of William to distinguish him from another of the same name, had just started the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*. He was an honest, fearless man and began to lash the scoundrels who infested the Golden Gate without mercy. He assailed them openly and fearlessly. He exposed the villainy of Ned McGowan, Billy Mulligan, Jim Casey, Charley D. and others, ballot-box stuffers and thieves generally, and they saw that he had to be got out of the way. The three named and one or two others threw dice to see who was to kill King, and the lot fell to Casey.

On the fourteenth day of May, 1856, the afternoon that King was killed, I was working at my case in the *Globe* office, opposite Wells & Fargo's. Casey, who had been lurking about Wells, Fargo & Co.'s, stood in the door as James King came down the street, going diagonally across the street to Montgomery block. When he got about half way across, Casey, following at his back, called out to him. King turned, and as he turned Casey fired, shooting him in the breast. When the shot was fired some printer (we all heard the report) said: "There's another man gone!" and we all went to the windows to look out. One of the compositors said: "My God! that's James King of the *Bulletin*."

Casey and his friends had planned everything beforehand. As soon as he shot King, Casey gave himself up to his confederate, Sheriff Dave Scannell, and went to jail. What King wrote of Casey was that he was an escaped convict from Sing Sing. Well, the news of the murder went over the city like wildfire, creating intense excitement everywhere. Business houses were closed and merchants, mechanics, the best citizens, came out in the streets. There were men speaking at nearly every street corner, urging that the time had come for the people to take the law into their own hands. A printer, named Andrews, and myself with others spoke at the corner of Merchant and Montgomery streets. It was the first and only speech I ever made in my life. As I finished speaking a man came up and said he wanted Andrews and me. We took several printers we knew and went with the stranger to a large warehouse on Sansom street, and were there told that a vigilance committee was forming. We registered our names, and were each given a number and went out. My number was 2,895. No man got into that organization unless fully vouched for as thoroughly reliable.

We met in a large hall the next night or two after initiation, and were put into companies, electing our own officers and forming regiments. No man was called by name; each had his number. We were armed at first in all sorts of ways—revolvers, knives, clubs, anything; but we soon provided ourselves with muskets and ammunition. Our force soon rose to 6,000 men, and was composed of cavalry, artillery, mounted riflemen and infantry. Who was the leader? I never knew any leader. All our orders came from "Thirty-three, secretary, by order of the committee.' We took a large building in Sansom street next, in which we made cells, court-room, storage rooms for arms, and all necessary apartments. This building was got in order with a dispatch that rivaled the erection of Aladdin's palace. It was thoroughly guarded at every point. On the ground were sand-bag embankments, and there were four cannon upon the roof, while numerous projecting pieces of artillery were pointed down from the roofs of adjacent buildings. There were 6,000 stand of small arms and thirty cannon.

A large bell was placed on our quarters in Sansom street, and when three taps were sounded every vigilante was to come instantly to the committee rooms.

Governor Johson called this upraising of citizens an insurrection, rebellion and other harsh names, and issued a proclamation taking measures to put us down. Then we had offers of help from all parts of the State. Word came from the mines and from the towns everywhere. Sacramento offered thousands of men, if necessary, to help us.

Many of the thieves and ballot-box stuffers took the alarm and fled. On Sunday, May 18, 1856, three taps were sounded on the bell on the roof of the committee-rooms, and the vigilantes came to headquarters, 3,000 strong. They were completely organized and fully armed. Everybody understood what was going to happen as two companies marched to the jail. Sheriff Scannell was on the roof of the jail, which was flat, with a posse, and the demand came from the vigilantes for Casey to be delivered up to them. Scannell replied that he would protect Casey with his life. The companies then fell back for orders, when a battery came up, supported by the entire 3,000 vigilantes, and was planted in front of the jail. The man in command of the battery then demanded the surrender of Casey, and, drawing his watch, gave Scannell three minutes to consider the demand. Scannell parleyed until two minutes of the time had passed, and then came down and threw open the jail doors. As a squad of vigilantes passed by Cora's cell with Casey the former cried out, "Jim Casey, you've signed my death warrant." Casey was put in a carriage, surrounded by the citizen soldiery, and taken to the committee-rooms. The vigilantes then returned and demanded Cora, who was immediately surrendered and brought to the rooms.

Casey and Cora were then brought to trial in the court-room of the vigilantes. They were allowed witnesses and counsel, and the trial was conducted with fairness, except that all technicalities were ruled out. No names were used in this trial, the judge, jury and all the officers of the court being designated by numbers. One of the provisions of the constitution of the vigilantes was that no person brought before the committee should be punished without a fair trial and conviction. If arrested and tried thieves, gamblers and dangerous men, as well as murderers, and in cases of conviction there were but two penalties—death by the rope or banishment. During its short reign it tried and disposed of over thirty cases brought before it—hundreds fled without waiting for trial—and of these, four were hanged. It was said that after Cora was taken from the jail the wicked woman who had instigated the murder offered $100,000 to any one who would get him out of the hands of the committee. But there was no way of bribing or escaping that stern, unrelenting justice.

On the twenty-second of May, Casey and Cora, after a fair trial, were hanged from the windows of the committee rooms. A beam of wood projected from above each of two windows, from which dangled a rope. A plank was at the foot of each of the two windows and on each stood a condemned man—Casey on one, Cora on the other. They were not blindfolded.

The funeral of James King took place on the same day. It was passing down Montgomery street just as the final arrangements in the tragedy in which these two men formed the awful central figures were being completed. As the hearse crossed Sansom street, standing on the boards at the windows, their heads in the noose, they could plainly see the somber vehicle as it drew its dread length along. As it crossed the street and receded from their sight the boards fell from beneath their feet.

The vigilantes continued the work thus begun, arresting, trying and fixing the punishment of the criminals brought before their tribunal.

Among the arrests made by the committee was the noted pugilist, "Yankee Sullivan." He was arrested and tried for ballot-box stuffing, a crime in which he had been so notorious that he feared the committee would hang him. He was confined in a cell after trial, and would probably have got no heavier sentence than banishment, but he got scared, and at night, in his cell, committed suicide. Some one had given him a bottle of ale or porter. He broke the bottle, and with the sharp glass cut the veins in his left arm and bled to death. He was found stiff and cold, dead in his cell, the next morning.

Only two other men were hanged by the committee. One of them was not a man in years, though a monster in human form. His name was Brace. He was a hack-driver, and only nineteen years of age. He had been tried for murder on more than one occasion in the courts, but escaped without difficulty. When tried by the committee no less than fourteen murders were found to have been committed by him. He would get a person into his hack, drive out upon the sand, and putting a revolver to the head of the helpless passenger blow his brains out. Then he would rob him.

Hetherington was a wealthy desperado. He had also been tried for murder, but escaped from punishment through the use of money. In July the bell on the committee rooms rang out three times. Hetherington had gone in to the Metropolitan hotel, and had there met Dr. Randall. Randall was standing near a cigar-case as Hetherington approached him, taking a note from his pocket, which he held before the former, asking him if he would pay that now. Randall said he couldn't pay it then, but would fix it soon. "Take that, then," said Hetherington, firing two shots. In an instant several vigilantes—they were everywhere—gathered around him and took him away to the rooms. The cause of the ringing of the bell was that a report had been received that the "law and order" party intended a rescue.

Brace and Hetherington were not hanged from the windows of the rooms as Casey and Cora had been, but from a scaffold erected half a square away in the streets.

The little notices sent out to the evildoers by "33" read very plain. There was no style about them, but as a general thing, when a "spotted" individual got one of these notices he disappeared as soon as possible, and the places that had known him knew him no more forever. It simply said: "You are ordered by the committee to leave instantly, or in twenty-four or thirty-six hours," as the case might be, and it was signed "33, secretary."

The case of Judge Terry, as near as I can now call it to mind, was this: A man named Hopkins had an order from "33" for the arrest of some offender, and went into a business house to arrest his man. Judge Terry, United States judge, interfered with the arrest in some way; there was a scuffle, and the judge with a knife stabbed Hopkins in the neck. Terry was instantly arrested and hurried to the rooms of the committee. Hopkins, badly wounded, was taken with the most considerate tenderness to an engine-house near by Here everything was speedily fitted up for his reception. The surroundings were made luxurious; ladies came and nursed him; the best medical aid to be had waited upon him; ropes were stretched about the building along the streets to keep vehicles and foot passengers at a distance; sawdust was spread upon the streets to deaden sound. The life of a United States judge hung upon a very frail tenure for days and weeks. Had Hopkins died Terry would undoubtedly have been hanged, and David Broderick would not afterward have died at Terry's hands.

The law and order party applied to the commander of a United States vessel in the bay for assistance, saying that the United States judge was in the hands of rioters. The commander sent word to the committee to deliver Judge Terry on his vessel by three o'clock in the afternoon of that day, or he would open fire on the committee building. The guns of the vessel were turned broadside to the rooms, and it looked as if we were actually going to come in conflict with the United States authorities. The guns of the vigilantes were then trained on the vessel, and we sent back the defiance that in case the vessel opened fire we would blow her out of the bay. The committee had, however, in the meantime, sent word to Commodore Stockton, I think, at Mare island, and he recognizing the gravity of the situation, ordered the vessel to leave for the Sandwich islands, and at 3 P. M., instead of Judge Terry being delivered to that ship, she had her nose turned to the placid waters of Honolulu. Terry was held for several weeks, until Hopkins' recovery was assured.

The citizens, then, things having quieted down, concluded to again put their trust in an election. The ballot-box stuffers, thieves and blacklegs had been thoroughly wiped out, though a fragment of opposition, the "law and order party," yet remained. The election came off, and the "people's ticket" was triumphantly elected.

The vigilantes had done their work, and done it well. They threw open the doors of the committee building for public inspection, and for two days a stream of people poured through the rooms, looking at everything. The weapons that were taken from the murderous bullies, and the implements of the thieves, burglars, gamblers and ballot-box stuffers were all shown and examined by thousands of curious eyes. In September the vigilantes paraded through the principal streets. Eight thousand as brave men as ever stepped together, who had routed villainy and murder in their stronghold, and made California inhabitable. There were cavalry, infantry, artillery—every branch of the service—and they marched proudly, as indeed they had good cause to do. Then they disbanded, each man settling down quietly to his work. Taxes came down; there was the most perfect security to life and property, and for two long decades San Francisco was noted as a quiet city.

A Building's Vicissitudes.

Madison square garden in New York, has been the scene of many catastrophes since its erection, accidents of a serious nature having frequently occurred there. In May, 1874, a fire broke out and threatened to assume gigantic proportions, but owing to the presence of mind displayed by the officials it was extinguished after slight damage had been done. On March 13, last year, while the international walking match was in progress, a gallery gave way, precipitating a hundred people to the ground, inflicting injuries more or less serious on many of its occupants, and causing great excitement in the city. While in the hands of Mr. Barnum, who used it as a hippodrome, many alarming accidents happened in the ring. Circus riders were thrown from their horses, performers on the trapeze fell headlong to the ground, and broken limbs and racked heads were the rule and not the exception among the employees of the show. The recent lamentable calamity, however, in which four persons lost their lives by a falling wall, exceeds any that has as yet occurred in the building, disastrous as the record of previous misfortunes unmistakably is.

The history of the structure is indeed a checkered one. The place has been used at various times within the last fifteen years as a railroad depot, a hippodrome, a race course, a gymnasium, a house of worship, a ballroom, an agricultural hall, and has been the scene of several "go-as-you-please" six day pedestrian contests

A Worthy Charity.

At the day nursery for children in Mulberry street, New York, writes Mr. Rideing in *Harper's Magazine*, the elder children are provided with a mid-day luncheon of bread and molasses, and the younger ones with milk. There is a spacious and clean yard for the former to play in when the weather is fair, and a cheerful dormitory for the babies, a score or more of whom were wrapped in contentment and slumber, each in a cot or cradle when we called a few months ago. A charge of five cents a day is made when the parents can afford it, but it is oftener remitted than paid, and only in a few instances has the charity been abused by the failure of a woman to come for her child in the evening. When abandonment has been attempted it has been checked, and so far from neglecting their offspring most of the mothers are in a hurry after their work to embrace the well-cared-for babies and bear them home.

Humane Work.

The work done by the Russian Red Cross society in Roumania during the Russo-Turkey war has lately been prepared and published. Altogether eleven ambulance trains were employed in the conveyance of sick and wounded, four being supplied by the military authorities and seven by the Red Cross society, the total number transported by the trains in 331 journeys amounting to 2,698 officers, 75,099 men, and 1,350 sick or wounded Turkish prisoners. Besides these, 22,247 sick and wounded officers and men were taken on specially hired steamers down the Danube to Ibraila. The personnel employed by the Red Cross society comprised thirty-six delegates and fourteen agents for administrative purposes, forty-four surgeons, thirty-nine medical students, fifty-three dressers, forty-three female students and dressers, and 516 sisters of mercy; while the money expended amounted to over two million dollars. A large amount of clothing and medical stores were also distributed by the society.

The wife of the Chinese ambassador at Paris appeared at a recent ball unveiled. She tottered about the rooms on her little feet—a quaint, small woman, with her hair plastered down to the sides of her whitewashed face. Her husband consented to her appearance after a desperate struggle against his prejudices, for a Chinaman who knows that his wife is gazed upon unveiled is held to be dishonored. "It was funny," says the correspondent, "to see him trying to look the other way, so as not to incur the disgrace involved in the knowledge of her presence. One corner of an almond eye was fixed on vacancy, the other was watching the wife to see that she did not stumble as she walked about the rooms."

A Wonderful Gun.

A gun which can fire 5,000 shots in thirteen minutes was recently tested in Washington. The Gardner is a machine gun, like the Gatling. It has two barrels made of steel, encased in brass. This is an auxiliary to small arms, and is simply a gun which, by the ingenuity of the designer, is calculated to do the work of a number of muskets, and do it more rapidly and effectively. It cannot, probably, shoot as accurately as a musket, but if properly handled must be fearfully destructive, especially when directed against a line or an advancing column. The charge is seventy grains of powder, and the ball weighs 405 grains. It is mounted on a small carriage, and is light enough to be carried by two men. The whole length of the gun is only four feet. It can be fired 500 times in a minute, its capacity in this direction being only limited by the rapidity by which it can be fed. If steam could apply the motive power, and it could be fed fast enough, there is no telling how rapidly it could be fired. The firing is done by turning a crank in the rear of the gun, and it is fed through a flat-shaped box, into which the cartridges are placed in blocks holding twenty each. They fit down neatly into this box, which holds about fifty cartridges, and as fast as the crank is turned they drop down into a channel and are carried forward for discharge and the empty cartridges returned and dropped beneath. Five thousand shots were fired in thirteen minutes, three men relieving each other at the crank.

Headache Causes.

Dr. Treichler, a German physician has lately made some much-noted comments on habitual headache among young people, a trouble which he avers is largely on the increase. He is inclined to attribute it to excessive intellectual exertion, often caused by the fancy of parents for having a great variety of subjects taught, and more especially to night work, which, he says, produces in the brain the same condition as would be produced in the muscles, if, after a long day's march, a mountain-climber were to continue walking far on into the night, and were to repeat this day after day. Dr. Treichler's letter has elicited from a London physician a statement that he has sometimes found the brain to be growing faster than the skull which contained it. What seemed like great stupidity was for a time the result, but in time the skull effected its enlargement, and the brain was relieved. One of the dangers most likely to occur in schools arises from the fact that the same lessons are necessarily allotted to all in a class, and while they entail no effort of intellect on the part of one, may be a frightful labor to another. It is the dull, laborious pupil, we suspect, who oftentimes is the most injured by school pressure, and it should be the study of the teacher to recognize him or her, and afford aid and encouragement.

The Industrious Bee.

There are 2,000,000 bee hives in the United States. Every hive yields, on an average, a little over twenty-two pounds of honey. The average price at which honey is sold is twenty-five cents a pound. So that, after paying for their own board, our bees present us with a revenue of over $8,800,000. To reckon it another way, they make a clear gift of one pound of pure honey to every man, woman and child in the vast domain of the United States. In 1860 over 23,333,333 pounds of wax were made and given to us by these industrious workers. An agricultural exchange says the keeping of bees is one of the most profitable investments that people can make of their money. The profits arising from the sale of surplus honey average from 50 to 200 per cent. of the capital invested.

A Valuable Gem.

The Prussian capital has long contained a jewel of fabulous value, the news of whose existence was first made known by the reports of the last session of the Polytechnic society. The noble stone is a sapphire, and is the property of one of the members of that learned body. It weighs a little more than six ounces. The jury of the Polytechnic society have settled its value at the frightful sum of 64,000,000 marks, or about $16,000,000 of American money. It need hardly be said that such a treasure is not likely to find a purchaser at such a price. Its present possessor has placed his treasure in state custody for the sake of his h

Lightning Speed.

The Chicago *Times* says that a few weeks ago an engine started on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad for the locality of a wreck, with Superintendent Parsons in the cab, the distance to be run being six miles; that the engineer opened the throttle wide, and the superintendent took out his stop-watch and timed the run, and that the speed was at the rate of eighty-one miles per hour. The engine—one of the best on the road—rocked and rolled about so fearfully that the men were "almost seasick," and the engineer, one of the oldest and bravest in the service, showed a ghastly pale face at the end of the run.

The surveying for the St. Gothard tunnel was so nicely done that although the tunnel is nine and a quarter miles long the two galleries were bored with such precision that they met with a difference of only four inches in level and a lateral deviation of less than eight inches.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A street-car motor, to be run by quicksilver, is being made at Aurora, Ill.; 800 pounds of quicksilver are required.

The newspaper owes its origin to the custom which prevailed in Venice in the sixteenth century of reading aloud in the public places a manuscript of the news of the day, prepared by authority.

A merchant of Portsmouth, England, purposely began a ship on Friday, launched her on Friday, named her the "Friday" and got a commander for her named Friday. She sailed from port on a Friday, and was never heard of again. Yet this proves nothing.

A French physician who has studied the effects of turpentine on some 300 painters, arrives at the conclusion that the injurious effects produced by turpentine fumes can never be sufficiently severe to cause death unless they are contained in a very confined space. With good ventilation no fear need be entertained of fatal effects from this cause.

In the Methodist Protestant Conference, Dr. L. W. Bates offered an amendment to the report on ministerial education, that the question, "Will you abstain from tobacco?" be stricken out. The Conference refused to accept the amendment, and the report was adopted as read.

The Reformed Presbyterian Synod of America, in session in Philadelphia, makes the following utterance officially: "Never was infidelity more bold or blatant. Newspapers are published professedly in the cause of infidelity. New books are written and old books reprinted, and lecturers go from city to city and town to town in the interests of the same unholy cause."

A ton of wheat when carefully burned leaves 28 24 pounds of ash, while a ton of straw will leave 60 13 pounds, and a ton of chaff 179 07 pounds. To know this is of interest to the wheat grower, as it teaches the importance of returning the straw to the soil; and great care ought to be taken of the chaff, for one pound as a fertilizer is as much as three pounds of straw, containing six times as much mineral manure as the grain itself.

The college book of Harvard gives statistics showing that out of 943 Harvard students who graduated between 1869 and 1875 (inclusive), 360 were Unitarians or Liberals, 217 Episcopalians, 126 Orthodox Congregationalists, 46 Baptists, 25 Presbyterians, 16 Methodists, 12 Swedenborgians, 8 other Trinitarians, 2 Quakers, 15 Catholics, 2 Jews, 1 Mormon and 113 undecided. Seats are furnished to students, at the expense of the college, in any church of their own election.

Leprosy is not uncommon in San Francisco among Chinamen. But it is not paraded. Some white men have it, reputed to come from the Sandwich isles. It is not contagious. The Hawaiian government has for sixteen years spent $50,000 a year in vain efforts to stamp it out. An island is set apart for lepers. There are 700 at present insulated and guarded. About 400 a year die, but new ones replace them. Many are hid by families and friends. Those in San Francisco escaped scrutiny in emigrant ships from China. They are employed in cigar making.

The earth turns upon its axis with a surface velocity of over 1,000 miles at the equator, while at the pole the rate is reduced to zero. A scientific gunner says that, under special circumstances, heavy guns with long ranges have to be corrected for the different rate of rotation of the earth at the place from which one is fired and the point where the shot falls, which difference may cause as much as two yards deflection to one side or the other in firing north or south. The earth's rotation is thus actually made visible.

Dr. Manson has been communicating important information in regard to filariæ, which are now proved to be introduced into the human system by the bite of mosquitoes. These filariæ are small microscopic worms, and Dr. Manson spoke of their singular habit of periodically passing in and out of the blood circulation, and gave a table showing the hour of the day and night at which they were either present or absent in the blood. These worms were remarkably punctual in keeping to their appointed times. The evening inrush to the circulation commences at about half-past seven, the overcrowding taking place about midnight. Dr. Manson exhibited drawings and specimens of the filariæ in all its stages of growth, and also numerous infected mosquitoes.